A DOMESTIC EPISODE.

- "You've ceased to love me, John, I fear, A great change has come over you: You do not sit beside me, dear, And hug me as you used to do!
- You used to praise my eyes, my hair, And often kiss my lip and brow When we sat on one rocking-chair lear John, why don't you do so now?
- "You used to call me your delight, Said you were proud my love to win, And kept me at the gate at night Till ma would come and call me in.
- "You called me then your ownest own, Your popsy pet you did, you know; That happy time is past and gone— Ah, dearest, what has changed you sol
- John laid his paper on his knee. And hove a sigh, and said: "I fear Whatever changes there may be You've brought about yourself, my de
- "This much, at least, you must confess; Whene'er my visits I would pay, You did not meet me in the dress In which you'd been at work all day.
- "Your hair was not in paper curls, Your slippers flapping on your feet; You were the prettiest of girls, With everything about you neat.
- "A snow-white collar then you'd wear, At your throat a pretty bow, A flower of some kind in your hair— Now, darling, what has changed you so?" —Botton Courier

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Miss Fairhaven "Casts Her Bread Upon the Waters."

The vellow haze of mid-summer hung its radiant pennons over the velvet sloves of the Fairhaven farm; the river. murmuring softly over its pebbly bot-tom, flashed up like a sheet of silver, and the purple fields of clover nodding ready for the seythe filled the air with sweet. slumberous scents.

"Fine weather for the havin'," said Eliakim Fairhaven. To his material nature God's sunshine and the grand glitter of earth and sky were but the instruments to fill his pockets with sordid gain-mere accessions to "a good erop." Alas! is not this world full of Eliakim Fairhavens in one shape or

snother? Miss Comfort Fairhaven sat beside

Miss Comfort Fairhaven sat beside him knitting and watching the cumbersome frolies of a pair of twin lambs, deserted by their heartless mother, whom she was bringing up by hand. "Yes," she said, with a mechanical glance in the direction of the beamy west, "Who's that a-comin' up the path, I wonder?" "One of the new hands, I calculate," said Eliakim, screwing up his eyes. "I didn't 'gree to give 'em their supper and board into the bargain a night before the job begins—and I'm blessed if there ain't a little gal along with him!" "Taint no hayin' hand," said Miss Comfort, rising and going down the steps to meet a slender child of nine years old, who was leading a pale, years old, who was leading a pale, bowed-down man, who walked with difficulty, leaning on a crutch. "Heart alive, child," said Miss Com-

"Heart alive, child," said Miss Com-fort, whose kindly nature involuntarily sympathized with all who were suffering or in distress; "what ails you, and what do you want here?" "Please, ma'am," began the child, eagerly, "if you could give us a night's lodging—poor papa is so sick and tired, and—"

longing—poor papa is so sick and tree, and—"

"No, I can't!" abruptly spoke in Eliakim Fairhaven. "This ain't no almshouse, nor yet a charity place. If ye can pay your way, well and good; if ye can't, the sooner you go about your business the better!"

"We have no money," timidly began the child, while the man, as if stunned and bewildered by the heartless fluency of the old farmer's speech, leaned up against the fence, pressing his hand on his forehead, "but—"

"Then clear out and be done with it!" said Eliakim, resuming his seat with

said Eliakim, resuming his seat with

dogged composure.

Miss Comfort looked appealing at her brother. "If I could just get 'em a bowi of milk; Eliakim, and—"

"Stuff and nonsense," sonorously ejaculated the farmer; "I ain't a-goin' to give in to that sort of thing. Once begin, and you'll never leave off, you soft-headed womanfolk!" Slowly and wearily the two poor

slowly and wearily the two poor stravelers turned and plodded their way adown the broad, dusty road, the languid footsteps of the invalid scarce keeping up with the tripping pace of the child. "O papa, papa," sobbed the little girl, turning hef blue, wistful eyes to the white, worn face, "how cruel with me always now, and be my darling old friend."

"No." said Miss. Comfort, gravely.

placed his hand upon her curly, meovered head. "Never mind, Essie," he said, with a mournful, tender pathos in his voice; it will soon end. It can not be for long, as far as I am concerned, poor child! But for you..." He stopped, his voice husky with emo-

They had walked what seemed to lit-They had waiked what seemed to ht-tle Esther a weary way, when there was a rustle among the wild rose-bushes that overhung the stone wall at their side, and a voice called hurriedly to

them to "stop!" said Miss Comfort Fair-"It's me. "it's me, 'said Miss Comfort Fair-haven, reckless of her grammar.
"Eliakim—that's my brother—he's gone over to the class-meetin' at Squire Dunda's, and I cut down through lots to overtake you. I tell you I can't some-how get your father's face out o' my mind. You're sick, ain't you, mister?"

mind. I ou re sick, ain I you, mister,
"I shall soon be quite well," he answered calmly, and Comfort Fairhaven's
more experienced eye detected the hidden meaning which the little girl never
once suspected. Yes, he would soon be well, but it would be in that country where the inhabitants never say "I am

"Where are you going?" asked kind Miss Comfort, her voice growing husky in spite of herself.

"We are going to my grandpapa," said little Essit. "Grandpapa was vexed with my mamma for marrying papa and going to England, but papa thinks he'll take care of me now. But I won't stay with him unless papa stays

And she resolutely tightened her grasp upon the thin, fever-burning hand.

"I s'pose you want to get to Lons le?" said Miss Comfort. The man nodded.

"Is it far?"
"Eleven good miles yet," said Miss
Comfort; "but I'll tell you what—I'll
make Joab get out the wagon, and
with a good buffalo robe over the seats
you'll ride easy enough. They'll be
back afore Eliakim gets through shoutin' and prayin'—I hain't no patience
with that kind o' religion—and while
you're a-waitin' I'll bring down a
smack o' bread and meat and a bottle

of my current wine. "Taint good to

ravel on an empty stomach."

And five minutes later Miss Comfo

And five minutes later Miss Comfort was carreing her hospital intentions into effect, greatly to the delight and appreciation of the hungry child.

"Mow, see here," said Miss Comfort, drawing the child saide, when Joab drove up with the comfortable farm wagen and stout old horse, "I don't guess you've got more money than you can use?"

"We have only enough for our rais"Me have only enough for our raismad tickets," said Essie, her countouance falling, "but—"
"I thought so," said Miss Comfort;
"and here's a five-dollar bill I've laid
aside out of my butter money that Eliakim don't know nothin' about."

The child's eyes were brimming as ab-looked up in Miss Comfort's honest hard-featured face. "Will you let me kiss you, just once?"

"Will you let me kiss you, just once?" she whispered, standing on tip-toe to bring her blooming cheek to the spin-ster's wrinkled lips. Kissing, as Miss Comfort might herself have remarked, had she leisure for a remark, was not much in her way, but she could not resist the sweet, wistful entreaty.

"There," she said, with a strange moisture in her eyes, "run along, Joab's waitin."

moisture in her eyes,
waitin'."
"Oh!" cried little Esther, as she sat
on the buffalo-draped seat, "I wish I
was rich and grown up!"
"Why, what 'ud you do?" demanded

"Why, what 'nd you do?" demanded honest Joab.
"I'd buy a diamond necklace and a pink dress for that good lady."
Joab chuckled. "I don't know as they'd become her," he said, with grim jocularity. "So gee up, old Doll!"

"I know I'ra pretty old to be lookin' arter a situation," said Miss Comfort. Fairhaven, "but I can't starve, nor I won't beg, so what's there left? We had a good farm once, but my brother couldn't rest till he speckilated it all away, and now he's gone and I'm all away, and now he's gone and I'm all alone. So if you know of a good place as housekeeper, or matron in an asy-lum, or general overseer, I don't much care where—"

care where—''
The intelligence office keeper, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, broke in on the torrent of Miss Fairhaven's explanatory eloquence.
"What wages did you ask?"
"I ain't particular about that so long as it's a good home."

as it's a good home."
"Here's a place that might perhap

"Here's a place that might perhaps suit you—housekeeper wanted at Mr. Duponceau's, No. — Fifth avenue. You might try it, although I hardly think a person like you would suit."
"I ain't young, I know," said Miss Comfort with a sigh, "but there's a deal of tough work left in me yet—Give me the address; I shan't give up and starve without tryin' for it."
Yet, in spite of all her philosophy, Miss Comfort's heart, like that of the Queen of Sheba of old, grew faint within her as she sat in the luxurious reception-room of the Fifth avenue

within her as she sat in the luxurious reception-room of the Fifth avenue mansion, surrounded by silken chairs, gilded tables, flashing mirrors and pictures, whose radiant skies might have been painted in liquidized gold, so rare and costly were they.

"I'm a'most sorry I come!" thought Miss Comfort. "I don't fairly believe I can give satisfaction here."

While the thought was passing through her mind, the door swung open, and a tall young lady in a blue silk morning robe entered—a young lady with golden-brown hair looped after the fashionable style over her brow and deep blue eyes.

after the fashionable style over her brow and deep blue eyes.

Miss Comfort rose and dropped a stiff little courtesy.

"I've called to see—" she began, but to her amazement the rest of her speech was abruptly checked by the young lady's arms being thrown round her neck.

lady's arms being thrown round her neck.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," she cried out ecstatically; "I thought I never should sae you again. I went to the old farm, but you had gone away, no-body knew whither!"

And she hugged Miss Comfort more enthusiastically than ever, with bright tears sparkling on her cyclashes.

"Why," demand d the bewildered spinster, "who are you?"

"I'm Essie! Don't you remember little Essie Bell that you gave the five-dollar bill to in the twilight by the wild rose bush, when..."

rose bush, when —"
"Oh—o—o—h!" exclaimed Miss Comfort, "you don't mean to say you're

that—"
And here she stopped, nearly strangled by Essie's renewed embraces,
while she listened to the story of how
grandpapa had adopted her, and how
she was surrounded by all that luxury

shall live with me always now, and be my darling old friend." "No," said Miss Comfort, gravely,

"No," said Miss Comfort, gravely, shaking her head, "I've come to apply for a situation as housekeeper, and if you won't give it to me, why I must go elsewhere."

And Essie was obliged to consent. "But mind," said she, nodding the golden masses of her crepe hair, "I shall give you what wages I please! Grandpa always intrusts those things to my management."

my management."
So Miss Comfort Fairhaven stayed nominally as housekeeper—really the trusted and revered head of the estab-lishment, and her declining years were surrounded by a peace and luxury she never had dared to dream of in her

never had dared to dream of in her loftiest aspirations.

Miss Comfort Fairhaven had invested the five-dollar bill advantageously. She had cast her bread upon the waters, and after many days it had returned to her.

—Chicago Interior.

Artistic Embroidery.

Mr. H. Gray, of Manchester, Eng., possesses an interesting sample of em-proidery applied to book-covering, the book in question being a small Bible dated 1562, covered with silk, on the sides of which raised figures represent-ing King Charles II. and the Queen, Catharine of Braganza, have been worked in colored silks and silver wire, evidently contemporary work. Speci mens of this class are of extraordinary rare occurrence; the interest of the book is further enhanced by it containing a MS. pedigree of the Chase family, of American fame.—N. Y. Post.

The street car was jolting over the railroad tracks at the grade crossing when the driver saw a passenger train coming. He shouted and jumped for his life. The conductor and the half dozen passengers followed suit. The next minute the car was converted into kindling wood, and the street railroad company was out a mule. The incident occurred in 8t. Louis recently.—St. Louis Post.

—French doctors are placing paties afflicted with gout on an entire milk d

ANCIENT EGYPT.

A Nation so Old That Its Beginning Is Los

The story of the Egyptian religion proper has for its mise-en-scene the Nile from the first cataract to the sea-Follow it course as it flows past the colossal stones of Thebes, the ranged olumns and obelisks of Karnak, the mples of Luxor in Upper Egypt, and the statues of Memphis, the city of Cairo, the pyramids of Gizeh, and the vast Lybian Necropolis in Lower Egypt. The river itself reaches an average breadth of three-quarters of a mile;

The river itself reaches an average breadth of three-quarters of a mile; in its periodical overflow it waters and fertilizes an alluvial plain nine to ten miles wide; beyond this, for five or ten miles, lies the yellow drifting sand of the desert, edged by a rocky plateau twenty to twenty-five miles wide. Upon this ledge are ranged the pyramids, and beneath it is hollowed the million-caved Necropolis of Memphis. Beyond are seen the Lybian hills, forming a pale blue or lilac back-ground, but flushed with yellow or crimson in the rising and setting sun; these are the same as they were in the days of Cheops, or Senefreu, or Joseph, and our eyes may still look upon what they saw.

Egypt has no beginning. A Caucasian race (not Shemite or negro) from the steppes of Asia settled in the immemorial past on the fertile banks of the Nile. The cave-man became tentman, and the tent-man a house-man. But of these indispensable stages, which must have ranged over vast eyeles of time, there are no traces left in Egypt. When the capricious bull'seye lantern of history first strikes Egypt it falls upon an accomplished civilization, quite as refined and complex, and under certain physical aspects even mightier than our own. Six thousand years ago the figure of King Mena stands out, ruling over a people who knew geometry, invented an unsurpassed system of irrigation, built temples to the sun, pyramids to the Kings—the stepped pyramid is reckoned to be six thousand years old—wrote in hierothe sun, pyramids to the Kings—the stepped pyramid is reckoned to be six thousand years old—wrote in hieroglyphics thes acred picture writings, and possessed, at all events, the first two chapters of the Book of the Dead, that sacred ritual which was minutely claborated later on, and formed a kind of Egyptian missal, rule of faith, creed and funeral service all in one.

It was only in 1799 that a window was opened in the present through which the

and funeral service all in one.

It was only in 1799 that a window was opened in the present through which the life of that remote past could be seen with something like chronological distinctness. This window was the famous Roset:a Stone. M. Boussard, a French engineer, discovered, lying amidst the ruins of an old temple near Alexandria, while excavating for a fort, a smooth flat stone. It lay there as it lies now in the British Museum. It is of black basalt, about three feet seven inches long and two feet six wide; the side and upper part is broken away, but what is left is more priceless than any Sibylline book. It contains an inscription in three languages—(1) the previously undecipherable hieroglyph; (2) the Greek; and (3) the Roman. It is a decree in honor of Ptolemy Epiphanes, and it was set up by the priests of Memphis in the year B. C. 195. The discovery of what constitued the name of Ptolemy in the hieroglyph led to the deciphering of all the rest. The key of the unknown tongue was found, and the archives of prehistoric Egypt were suddenly unlocked. It was like soming upon the records of the world before the flood. From that moment Egyet has been the new all-absorbing center of antiquarian research.

search.

Four thousand years ago Abraham
was driven by famine into Egypt. It
was in the early days of the shepberd
Kings, a hardy northern race which
ruled Egypt until finally expelled by the
Persians under Darius; but Abraham Persians under Darius; but Abraham found there the stepped pyramid, which had been standing for, at least, two thousand years. He found, too, some of those temples upon which we still gaze, and, I regret to say, scribble our names. Three thousand seven hundred years ago Joseph was carried down to Egypt, and met with the shepherd Kings at their zenith. He saw the ancient pile beneath which Senefreu (5000 B. C.) still sleeps undisturbed. He looked upon the sphinx, which then stood out uncovered with a temple between its paws; he saw the mighty Chephren and Cheops pyramids shining and wholly incased in white alabaster-like marble, fragments of which we shuffle into our incased in white alabaster-like marble, fragments of which we shuffle into our traveling-bags and make into paper-weights. Three thousand six hundred and fifty years ago Moses floated down the Nile in his basket, and grew up amid the glories of Karnak, Thebes and Memphis—the ppression growing un-der the two Rameses, with whose por-traits the British Museum has made us familiar.

From Zoan, now buried beneath the From Zoan, now buried beneath the sands, the Israelites on an eventful night set out three thousand six hundred years ago, in the reign of Maneptha L. The last thing which impressed them as they passed out of the land of bondage was probably the newly-erected colossal statue of Rameses, a monolith then erect, now lying prostrate, and weighing eight hundred and eighty-seven tons.—

H. R. Haweis, in Good Words.

Melting Snow With Salt

The Journal des Debats publishes statistics as to the cost of removing the snow in Paris by the process of melting with salt and then sweeping it away down the sewers. The salt costs 26s. a ton delivered at the railway station ton delivered at the railway station, whence it is distributed to the depots in different parts of the city. In the storm of the 10th of December last snow fell to a depth of about three inches and a half. The expense of dealing with this fall was £9,000; of this sum about £1,100 represents the cost of the salt; the rest is for labor and horse hire. The salt needs to lie for about two hours beds to lie for about two hours besalt nes fore it has melted the snow sufficiently to enable brooms to go to work. The system, which has been applied in Paris since 1881, is not available for macadamized roads, as the brine soaks into the road and rots and disintegrates it.

—A new industry has sprung up for boys who search the refuse in the streets for worn-out calf-skin boots and shoes. They are sold to wall-paper factories, and are thoroughly washed; after the pegs and threads are removed they are manufactured into "embossed leather." The new styles of leather frames with leather mais are made of 'such cast-off foot-covering.—Chicago Journal.

-A man on the cars informed his —A man on the cars informed his edified fellow passengers in a sonorous voice that "the trouble with most people is that they don't know anything." Whereupon a man with a big head, sitting near him, asked, "And in the name of all the idiots at once, how happens it that you know so much yourself?" There was a roar, followed by a dead silence. —Chicago Journal. THE APIARY.

A carefully prepared estimate reveals he fact that in North America (the territory covered by this society) there are 300,000 persons who keep bees. The annual product of honey amounts to over 100,000,000 pounds, the value of which is about \$15,000,000.

May not these figures give us a full

which is about \$15,000,000.

May not these figures give us a full comprehension of the dignity of our mission, the magnitude of the work before us, and the exalted possibilities which may inspire us to fresh zeal and grander achievements in our pursuits?

In passing—let us contemplate, for a moment, how invention, art and science have followed every "progressive step" in apiculture. Just think of the crude methods of our fathers, and then contemplate the wonderful improvements of to-day. Instead of the tubs and pails of yore, containing the broken combs of honey, bee-bread and dead bees, taken from the breeding department of the hives, the result of murdering the bees by fumes of sulphur and then robbing their homes of the "stores" laid up for winter—see the beautiful little sectional boxes, in which we have educated the bees to build virgin combs, and then to fill them with honey from nature's laboratory—for man's behoof and for man's nourishment. This is one item in the long catalogue of accomplishments, but it illustrates the apicultural development of the scientific progress and art of this ever-advancing age.

Surely, these are achievements! but shall we with them rest and be satisfied? No! says the impulsive and entusinstic beekeeper—possibilities of the future! Teach us how to obtain a crop of honey day after day, month after month and year after year! Well, this is the duty imnosed upon me by your

of honey day after day, month after month and year after year! Well, this of honey day after day, month after month and year after year? Well, this is the duty imposed upon me by your committee—why, I know not; nor do I ask; but I will seek a solution of the problem by leading you into "green pastures," inled with myriads of "flowers," in which Nature distills the honey, drop by drop, and invites the bees, by their gorgeous hues, to come and dip into their tiny fountains, and feast and fly, and fly and feast continually. These fields of splendor will point you to success—to shining dollars and affluence. Ask the breeders of stock, the shepherds and the dairymen for the secrets of their success, and they will point you to their well-tilled fields, green pastures and mountains of hay. They will tell you that they provide corn for their hogs, rich meadows, pastures and hay for their stock, and then naturally expect good results.

Ask beckeepers upon what they depend for results, and they will have to confess that "luck" has a good deal to do with it; they depend upon natural forests, neighbor's clover field, with flowers in the fence corners, roadsides and wild lands; and if they are "lucky enough" to have these in due proportion to their bees, they will sing a song of gladness; but if not, their visages will tell of hopes blasted and prospects blasted.

But alas, with advancing civilization

But alas, with advancing civilization comes the woodman's axe, cutting down the basswood, oak and maple trees. the basswood, oak and maple trees. The farmer's plow destroys the magnificent wild floral carpet supplied by nature, and the poor bees often find nothing to gather—the wild flora is destroyed—the honey all gone, and starvation stares them in the face! Nothing remains for them but to destroy their brood and kill drones, and if possible to hold out on half rations and some stray wild flowers unmolested by the plow in fence corners or by the roadside, refence corners or by the roads plenish their scanty stores, but e. replenish their scanty stores, but if these are denied they "succumb to the inevit-able"—and their owner declares he

winter quarters.' well aware that many who We are well aware that many who keep bees have not enough land to spare to devote to bee pasturage; but in the immediate vicinity of every apiary, and within easy flight of every colony of bees in America, there are waste lands enough, covered with mighty brambles, burdocks, fennels, mullins, rag-weeds, etc., which it would pay to seed with suitable plants for producing honey. Many of the best plants require but little or no cultivation, after scattering the seed; and even the poorest honey producers would be more agreeable to the seed; and even the poorest honey pro-ducers would be more agreeable to the eye on such waste land than sand burrs, brambles, fennels, and other weeds which grow spontaneously on roadsides and waste places

and waste places.

In view of the uncertainty of sufficient In view of the uncertainty of sufficient continuous bloom being provided by nature, and the certainty of annually recurring periods of cold weather, long and hazardous confinement—to insure success, the apiarist should as carefully and certainly provide pasturage for the bees as to furnish them with hives to sholter them force the cold and store. bees as to furnish them with hives to shelter them from the cold and storms. Do you ask: "Will it pay to plant for honey?" Let me reply by asking if it does pay to keep bees to gather honey at all? If you answer yes, then let me assert—the more bloom, the more honey gathered, the more bloom, the more honey for the bees to gather; the more honey gathered, the more honey for the market; the more honey sold, the more money for the bee-keeper, and the better the business will pay.

To illustrate this point: If a honey flow of thirty days (which constitutes an average honey easyon one year with

flow of thirty days (which constitutes an average honey season, one year with another) will pay—will not one hundred and fifty days pay five times as much? If by judicious planting we can lengthen the honey season, do we not thereby correspondingly increase the honey crop? And does not this increase of the marketable honey crop correspondingly increase the income of the apiarist, and add just that much to the material wealth of the nation?

-The Materia Medica of China re —The Materia Medica of China requires thirty-eight huge volumes named Pau-Tso, to describe it. It present 12,806 formulas, and includes over 1,900 substances of supposed medicina TALMAGE'S SERMON.

lighth Sermon of the Series on the Marriage Ring.

The True Realization of the Family Relation Impossible Except Under the Home Boof.

In his seventh discourse of the "Marriage Ring" series, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage drew a strong picture of contrasts between the hotel and bearding-house life, now getting so common, and that of life under the home roof. The text was:

the home roof. The text was:

And brought him to an ina, and took care
of him. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two-pence and gave
them to the host, and said unto him. "rake
care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest
more, when I come again I will repay thee."

—Lake x, it and it.

care of him, and whatsoever thou spendess more, when I come again I will repay thee."—Luke x, 34 and 33.

This is the good Samaritan paying the hotel bill of a man who had been robbed and almost killed by bandits. The good Samaritan had found the unfortunate on a lonely, rocky road, where to this very day depredations are sometimes committed upon travelers, and had put the injured man into the saddle, while this merciful and well-to-do man had walked till they got to the hotel and the wounded man was put to bed and cared for. It must have been a very superior hotel in its accommodations, for, though in the country, the landlord was paid at the rate of what in our country would be four or five dollars a day, a penny being then a day's wages, and the two pennies paid in this case about two days' wages. Moreover, it was one of those kind-hearted landlords who are wrapped up in the happiness of their guests, because the good Samaritan leaves the poor wounded fellow to his entire care, promising that when he came that way again he would pay all the bills until the invalid got well.

Hotels and boarding-houses are necessities. In very ancient times they were unknown, because the world had comparatively few inhabitants, who were not much given to travel, and private hospitality mot all the wants of sojourners; as when Abraham rushed out at Mamre to invite the three men to sit down to a dinner of veal; as when Lydia urged the apostles to accept of her home; as when the people were positively commanded to

ner of veal; as when Lydia urged the spostles to accept of her home; as when the people were positively commanded to be given to hospitality; as in many of the places in the East these ancient customs are practiced to-day. But we have now hotels presided over by good landlords, and boarding-houses presided over by ex-cellent host or hostess, in all neighbor-hoods, villages and cities, and it is our constraintation that those of our land auxhoods, villages and cities, and it is our congratulation that those of our land sur-pass all other lands. They rightly be-come the permanent residences of many people, such as those whose business keeps them migratory, such as those who ought not, for various reasons of health or

ought not, for various reasons of health or peculiarity of circumstances, take upon themselves the cares of housekeeping.

But one of the great evils of this day is found in the fact that a large population of our towns and cities are giving up, and have given up their homes and taken apartments, that they may have more freedom from domestic duties and more time for social life, and because they like the whirl of publicity better than the quiet and privacy of a residence they can call their own. The residence they can call their own. The lawful use of these hotels and boarding-houses is for most people while they are in transitu, but as a terminus they are in many cases demoralization, utter and complete. That is the point at which fami-lies innumerable have begun to disinte-

grate.

There never has been a time when so There never has been a time when so many families, healthy and abundantly able to support and direct homes of their own, have struck tent and taken permanent abode in these public establishments. It is an evil wide as Christendom, and by voice and through the newspaper press I utter warning and burning protest, and ask Almighty God to bless the word, whether in the hearing or reading.

are denied they "succumb to the inevitable"—snd their owner declares he "has no luck with bees."

Now what is the duty of the apiarist in this state of affairs? The answer is plain, positive and unmistakable. Passururage for the bees must be provided it is an absolute necessity. He must study the honey seasons of his locality, and supply the deficency of planting while alsike or sweet clover, mignonette, borage, motherwort, cleoma, mustard, rape, etc., and thus provide the bees with honey-producing flora when the natural supply is insufficient or entirely destroyed.

Good judgment must, of course, be exercised in the selection of seeds for planting. If white clover is plentiful, and tall flowers abundant, scatter mints "to fill the gap." If basswood is the main stay for honey, then sow sage, motherwort and other early nectar-yielding plants or trees. The golden rods, a sters, buckwheat, sweet clover, etc., will always pay to cultivate for fall honey. The latter (sweet clover, etc., will always pay to cultivate for fall honey. The latter (sweet clover) with its white modest bloom will gladden the eye in June, and the sweet fragrance of its flowers will linger till frost and snow comes and the bees are safely placed in "winter quarters."

We are well aware that many who

The whole house goes into the detective business. They must find out about him. They must find out about him right away. If he leave his door unlocked by accident he will find that his rooms have been inspected, his trunks explored, his letters folded differently from the way they were

faided when he put them away.

Who is he? is the question asked with intenser interest until the subject has be-The simple fact is, that he is nobody in

The simple fact is, that he is nobody in particular, but minds his own business. The best landlords and landladies can not sometimes hinder their places from becoming a pandemonium of whispers, and reputations are torn to tatters, and evil suspicions are aroused and scandals startsuspicions are aroused and scandals start-ed, and the parliament of the family is blown to atoms by some Guy Fawkes who was not caught in time, as was his En-glish predecessor of gun-powdery reputa-

tion.

The reason is, that while in private homes families have so much to keep them busy, in these promiscuous and multi-tudinous residences there are so many who have nothing to do, and that always makes have nothing to do, and that always makes mischief. They gather in each other's rooms and spend hours in consultation about others. If they had to walk a half mile before they got to the willing ear of some listener to detraction, they would get out of breath before reaching there, and not feel in full glow of animosity or slander, or might, because of the distance, not go at all. all. But rooms 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25 are on the same corridor, and when one car-rion crow goes "caw! caw!" all the other hear it and flock together over the same

"Oh, I have heard something rich! Bit "Oh, I have heard something rich." Bit down and let me tell you all about it."

And the first guffaw increases the gath-ing, and it has to be told all over again, and as hey separate each carries a spark from the altar of Gab to some other circle, until from the coal heaver in the cellar to the maid in the ton room of the sarret to the maid in the top room of the garret, all are aware of the defamation, and that evening all who leave the house will bear it to other houses, until autumnal fires sweeping across Illinois prairies are less raging and swift than that flame of con-suming reputation blazing across the vil-

wholesale. So, while the private home may brood into life an occasional faisity and take a long time to do it, many of the boarding-houses and family hotels afford a swifter and more multitudinous style of moral incubation, and one old gossip will get off the nest after one hour's brooding, clucking a flock of thirty lies after her, each one picking up its little worm of juicy regalement.

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It is no advantage to hear too much about your neighbors, for your time will be so much occupied in taking care of their faults that you will have no time to look after your own. And while you are pulling the chickweed out of their garden yours will get all overgrown with horse-sorrel and mullein stalks.

One of the worst damages that comes from the herding of so many people into boarding-houses and family hotels is inflicted upon children. It is only another way of bringing them up on the commons. While you have your own private house you can, for the most part, control their companionship and their whereabouts; but, by twelve years of age, in these public resorts, they will have picked up all the bad things that can be furnished by the purient minds of dozens of people. They will overhear blasphemies and see quarrels, and get precedous in sin, and what the bar-tender does not tell them, the porter or hostler or bell-boy will. Besides that, the children will go out into this world without the restraining, anchoring, steadying and all controlling memory of a bome. From that some of us who have been blessed of such memory have encaped. It grips a man for eighty years, if he lives so long. It pulls him back from doors into which he otherwise would enter. It smites him with contrition in the very midst of his dissipations.

As the fish already surrounded by the As the fish already surrounded by the

As the fish airceady surrounded by the long, wide net swim out to sea, thinking they can go as far as they please, and with gay toss of silvery scale they defy the sportsmen on the beach, and after a while the fishermen begin to draw in the net, hand over hand and hand over hand, and hand over hand and hand over hand, and it is a long while before the captured fins begin to feel the net, and then they dart this way and that, hoping to get out, but find themselves approaching the shore and are brought up to the very feet of the captors, so the memory of an early home sometimes seems to relax and let men out further and further from God, and

home sometimes seems to relax and let men out further and further from shore—dve years, ten years, ten years, twenty years, thirty years; but some day they find an irresistible mesh drawing them back, and they are compelled to retreat from their prodigality and wandering, and though they make desperate effort to escape the impression, and try to dive deeper down is sin, after a while are brought clear back and held upon the Rock of Ages.

If it be possible, O father sad mother, let your sons and daughters go out into the world under the semi-omnipotent memory of a good, pure home. About your two or three rooms in a boarding-house or a family hotel you can east no such glorious sanctity. They will think of these public caravansaries as an early stopping place, malodorous with old victuals, coffees perpetually steaming, and mests in everlasting stew or broil, the air surcharged with carbonic acid, and corridors along which drunken boarders come staggering at one o'clock in the moraing, rapping at the door till the affrighted wife lets them in. Do not be guilty of the sacrilege or blasphemy of calling such a place a home.

frighted wife lets them in. Do not be guilty of the sacrilege or blasphamy of calling such a place a home.

A home is four walls inclosing one family with identity of interest, and a privacy from outside inspection so complete that it is a world in itself, no one entering except by permission; bolted and barred and chained against all outside in-

quisitiveness.

The phrase so often used in law books and legal circles is mightily suggestive-every man's house is his castle—as much so as though it had drawbridge, portcullis, so as though it had draworinge, portculls, redoubt, bastion, and armed turret. Even the officer of the law may not enter to serve a writ except the door be voluntarily opened unto him; burglary, or the invasion of it, a crime so offensive that the law classes its iron jaws on any one who

attempts it.

Unless it be necessary to stay for longer
or shorter time in family botel or board
ing house—and there are thousands of instances in which it is necessary, as I showed you at the beginning—unless in this exceptional case, let neither husband nor wife consent to such permanent resi-The probability is that the wife will have

The probability is that the wife will have to divide her husband's time with public smoking or reading-room, or with some coquettish spider in search of unwary flies, and if you do not entirely lose your has-band it will be because he is divinely pro-tected from the disasters that have whelmed thousands of husbands with as

good intentions as yours.

Neither should the husband, without imperative reason, consent to such a life untemptation of social dissipation, which sweeps across such places with the force of the Atlantic Ocean when driven by a September equinox. Many wives give up their homes for these public residences, so that they may give their entire time to that they may give their entire time to operas, theaters, balls, receptions and levees, and they are in a perpetual whirl, like a whip-top spinning round and round and round, very prettily, until it losss its equipoise and shoots off into a tangent. But the difference is, in one case it is a top and in the other a soul. Besides this there is an assidnous accu-

Besides this there is an assiduous accumulation of little things around the private home which in the aggregate make a great attraction, while the denizen of one of these public residences is apt to say: "What is the use? I have no place to keep them if I should take them." Mementoes, bric-a-brac, curiosities, quaint chair or coxylounge, upholsteries, pictures and a thousand things that accrete in a home are discarded or neglected because there is no homestead in which to arrange them. And yet they are the case in which the pearl of vet they are the case in which the pearl of

yet they are the case in which the pearl of domestic happiness is set.
You can never become as attached to the appointments of a boarding-house or family hotel as to those things that you can call your own, and are associated with the different members of your household, or with scenes of thrilling import in your domestic history. Blessed is that home in which for a whole lifetime they have been which for a whole lifetime they have been gathering, until every figure in the carpet, and every casement of the window, has a chirography of its own, speaking outsome-thing about father or mother, or son or daughter, or friend that was with us

while.
What a sacred place it becomes when one had received a great public honor; by that stool my child knelt for her last even-ing prayer; here I sat to greet my son as he came back from a sea voyage; that was father's cane: that was me

are aware of the defamation, and that evening all who leave the house will bear it to other houses, until autumnal fires sweeping across Illinois prairies are less raging and swift than that flame of consuming reputation blazing across the village or city.

Those of us who were brought up in the country know that the old-fashloned hatching of eggs in the hay-mow required four or five weeks of brooding, but there are now modes of hatching by machinery, which take less time and do the work in

and to the widow of Es perpetual oil wall of the and to the widow of Earsphath in the perpetual oil well of the miraculous cruse because she fed a hungry prophet, and to Rahab in the preservation of her life at the demolition of Jericho because she entertained the spies, and to Laban in the formation of an interesting family relation because of his entertainment of Jacob, and to Lot in his rescue from the destroyed city because of his entertainment of the angels, and to Mary and Martha and Eaccheus in spiritual blessing because they entertained Christ, and to Publius in the Island of Melita in the healing of his father, because of the entertain-

because they entertained Christ, and to Publius in the Island of Melits in the healing of his father, because of the entertainment of Paul, drenched from the shipwreck, and of innumerable houses throughout Christendom upon which have come blessings from generation to generation Lacause their doors awang easily open in the enlarging, ennobling, irradiating and divine grace of hospitality.

I do not know what your experience has been, but I have had men and women visiting at my house who left a benediction on every room—in the blessing they asked at the table, in the prayer they offered at the family altar, in the goupdiration that looked out from every lineament of their countenances; and their departure was the sword of bereavousent.

The Queen of Norway, Sweden and Denmark had a royal cup of ten curves or lips, each one having on it the name of the distinguished person who had drank from it. And that cup which we offer to others in Christian hospitality, though it be of the plainest earthenware, is a royal cup, and God can read on all its sides the names of those who have taken from it refreshment.

But all this is impossible unless you have a home of your own.

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But all this is impossible unless you have a home of your own.

It is the delusion as to what is necessary for a home that hinders so many from establishing one. Thirty rooms are not necessary, nor twenty, nor fifteen, nor ten, nor five, nor three.

In the right way plant a table, and couch, and knife, and fork, and a cup, and a chair, and you can raise a young paradise. Just start a home, on however small a scale, and it will grow.

When King Cyrus was invited to dine with an humble friend, the King made the one condition of his coming that the only dish be one loaf of bread, and the most imperial satisfactions have some

only dish be one loaf of bread, and the most imperial satisfactions have some times banqueted on the plainest fare.

Do not be caught in the delusion of many thousands in postponing a home until they can have an expensive one. That idea is the devil's trap that catches men and women innumerable who will never have any home at all. Capitalists of America, build plain homes for the people. Let this tenement-house system, in which hundreds of thousands of the people of our cities are wallowing in the mire, be broken up by small homes, where people can have their own firesides and their own altar. In this great continent there is room enough for every man and woman to have a home. Morals and civilization and religion demand it.

In this great continent there is room enough for every man and woman to have a home. Morals and civilization and religion demand it.

We want done all over this land what George Peabody and Lady Burdett-Coutts did in England, and some of the large manufacturers of this country have done for the villages and cities, in building small houses at cheap rents, so that the middle classes can have separate houses. They are the only class not provided for. The rich have their palaces, and the poor have their pealaces, and the poor have their pealaces, and criminals have their jails; but what about the housest middle classes who are able and willing to work and yet have small incomes? Let the capitalists, inspired of God and pure patriotism, rise and build whole streets of small residences. The laborer may have, at the close of the day, to walk or ride further than is desirable to reach it, but when he gets to his destination in the eventide, he will find something worthy of being called by that glorious, and impassioned, and Heaven-descended word, "home."

Young married mas, as soon as you can, buy a place, even if you have to put on it a mortgage reaching from base to capstone. The much-abused mortgage, which is rain to a reckless man, to one prudent and provident is the beginning of a competency and a fortune, for the reason he will not be satisfied until he has paid it off, and all the household are put on stringent economics until then. Deny yourself be buried from one. Have a place were your children can shout and sing, and romp, without being overhauled for the racket. Have a kitchen where you can do something toward the reformation of evil cookery and the lessening of this nation of dyspeptics. As Kapoleon lost one of his great batties by an attack of indigestion, so many men have such a daily wrestle with the food swallowed that they have no strength left for the battle of life; and though your wife may know how to wrestle with the food swallowed that they have no strength left for the battle of life; and though your wife may know how to p.ay on all musical instruments and rival a prima donna, she is not well educated unless she can boil an Irish potato and broil a mutton chop, since the diet sometimes decides the fate of families and nations.

tions.

Have a sitting-room with at least one easy chair, even though you have to take the turns at sitting in it, and books out of the public library of your own purchase for the making of your family intelligent, and checkerboards and guessing matches with an occasional blind man's buff, which is, of all casional blind man's buff, which is, of all games, my favorite. Rouse up your home with all styles of innocent mirth, and gather up to your children's nature a reservoir of exuberance that will pour down refreshing streams when life gets parched, and the dark days come, and the lights go out and the largetic is greater. out, and the laughter is smothering into a

and the dark days coms, and the lights go out, and the laughter is smothering into a sob.

First, last and all the time, have Christ in your home. Julius Casar calmed the fears of an affrighted boatman who was rowing him in a stream, by stating: "So long as Casar is with you in the same boat, no harm can happen." And whatever storm of adversity or bereavement or poverty may strike your home, all is well as long as you have Christ the King on board. Make your home so far-reaching in its influence that down to the last moment of your children's life you may hold them with a heavenly charm.

At seventy-sit years of age, the Demochenes of the American Senate lay dying at Washington—I mean Henry Clay, of Kentucky. His pastor sat at his bedside, and "the old man eloquent," after a long and exciting public life, translantic and cisatlantic, was back again in the scenes of his boyhood, and he kept saying in his dream over and over again:

"My mother! mother! mother!"

May the parental influence we exert be not only potential, but holy, and so the home on earth be the vestibule of our home in heaven, in which place may we all meer—father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandfather and grandmother and grandchild and the entire group of precious ones, of whom we must say, is the words of transporting Charles Weeley:
One family, we dwall in him;
One church above, beneath:
Though now divided by the stream—The narrow stream of death—One army of the living God,
To his command we bow.
Fart of the host have crossed the food.

And part are crossing now.